

THE BEACON



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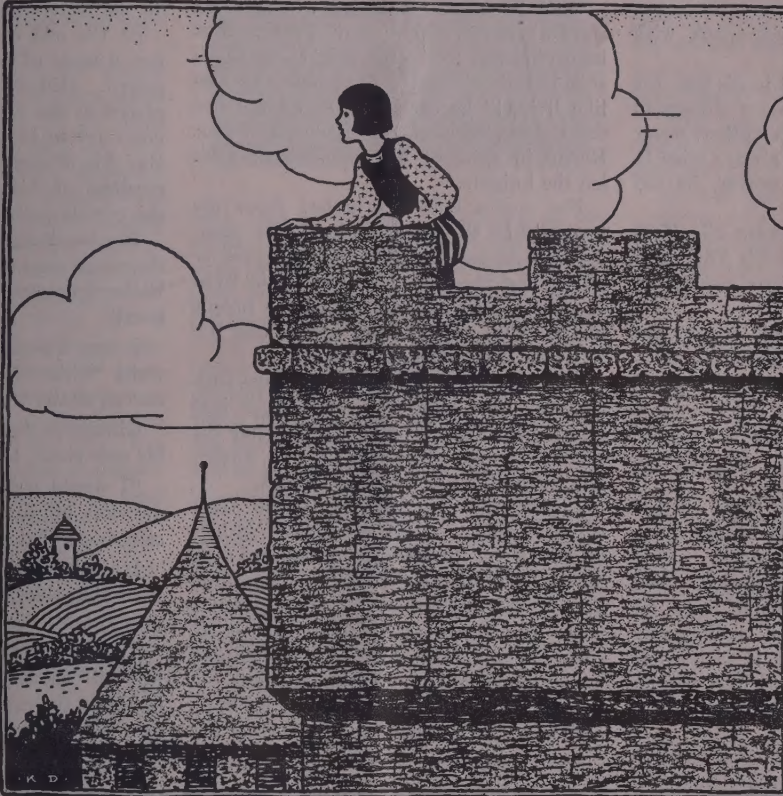
THE GOLDEN SHIELD

IN the days of long, long ago when knights dwelt in large gray castles on the mountain side or on rivers and lakes there lived a Sir Renan in a massive stone castle on the Teriolis Crag.

Teriolis Crag was a treacherous place. At the front of the castle it dropped straight down to the Teriolis River—a drop of about fifteen hundred feet. No one could climb up that steep cliff, and to get up from behind meant a climb of many weary miles. The back of the castle was protected by thick walls of stone with watchtowers on all four sides.

Sir Renan had many brave knights at the castle to help him fight his battles. Among the bravest were Sir Raymond and Sir Richard. The master of the castle had a son Gilbert, but the boy was an invalid and had to remain for hours at a time in his uncomfortable wooden chair. It made Gilbert very sad to see his father's knights winning their bright, shining shields and spears when he had to sit patiently at home doing nothing.

Several years before, when Gilbert was a boy ten years old, he went one day through the castle gates into the great forest. It was springtime, and all the birds and flowers were coming back. Gilbert loved to talk to the birds and ask them about their journey to the warm southland. On this day the cuckoo and the mocking-bird were each trying to talk at the same time, and it was such fun that Gilbert did not see the wild boar coming up behind him. The mocking-bird called to him, but too late. With a fierce lunge the boar pierced him with its cruel tusks and ran away into the forest again.



The watchman on the tower heard Gilbert's cry, and Sir Raymond and Sir Richard soon had him safely within the castle walls.

The boar had injured Gilbert so badly that he was never strong again; he could not walk; the effort was too much for him. And so Gilbert had his choice of two of his father's bravest knights to care for him and he chose Sir Raymond and Sir Richard.

There was a day when a band of plunderers came into the region of the Teriolis. They killed sheep and cattle and horses grazing upon the hills; they burned the

By
Carolyn
Treffinger

dwellings of the people living in the valley round about. They even threatened to destroy the castle on the crag. Sir Renan sent out some of his knights to fight, and some to bring to the castle the unfortunate people in the valley who were without homes.

One morning when the fighting was harder than usual Gilbert asked to be carried to his father's room.

"But your father is out fighting," said Sir Raymond.

"Then carry me to the Knights' Hall!" he ordered them.

They picked up his chair carefully, and down the great stone stairway from the tower room overlooking the crag they carried

him to the hall. There were great carved cases lining three sides of the huge room. In the cases were swords and scabbards, spears, helmets, shields and armor-plate. Here and there were carved and mosaic vases made by the knights in their leisure hours. There was a horse carved from wood by Sir Romand; he was skilful with carving as well as being the best mounted knight. That was why he carved the horse no doubt; he loved his mount. On the fourth wall were hanging two shields; the spears were standing beneath them. They were tarnished black with long disuse.

Gilbert pointed to them; it hurt him to see them so tarnished. "Whose are those?" he asked.

"They are ours," replied Sir Richard.

"But why are they so tarnished?" said Gilbert.

"We never use them," Sir Raymond replied. "You know that as well as we do!"

The knight's voice was bitter, and Gilbert's heart was sad.

That evening when the knights returned from their fight in the forest Sir Renan was badly wounded; he did not leave his room. As soon as Gilbert knew of the accident he asked to be carried to his father.

Sir Raymond and Sir Richard carried him down the broad stairs and into Sir Renan's room.

"Now please leave me," he said.

They bowed to Sir Renan and left the room.

"Son, you should be in bed," reproved his father. "It is late!"

"I know, sir, but I must speak with you," said Gilbert.

Sir Renan was very kind to his son, for he realized how hard it was for Gilbert to sit patiently all the day; and Gilbert never spoke an unkind word and always tried to smile cheerfully. Now, however, he did not smile.

"Father," he began, "I want Sir Raymond and Sir Richard and Sir Toulan to go out and fight tomorrow; you need more men."

"We cannot do that," said Sir Renan quickly. "We could allow either Sir Raymond or Sir Richard to go, but they could not both leave you. And as for Toulan, it is not possible; his watchtower is the most important lookout station. He has the river valley you know."

"Yes, father, but please send them!" begged Gilbert. "I am old enough now, father, and it is time I earned my shield and spear—even if I am crippled. And I mean to do it! I want Toulan to go out and fight tomorrow, and I shall watch from the tower. My room is just below Toulan's watch, and, father, I have had on my reports all that Toulan has. I can bring them to you!"

Sir Renan was surprised and amused. His eyes twinkled with a glow that Gilbert knew meant he was very much pleased.

"Sir Raymond and Sir Richard can carry me to the tower before they leave in the morning, and Toulan will not begrudge me his tower for a day or even a week," continued Gilbert.

"Cheer-ho!" called Gilbert. That was his way of letting the two knights who cared for him know he wanted them.

The door flew open, and they saluted Sir Renan as they entered. They came forward to take up Gilbert's chair, but he caught a hand of each.

"Tomorrow morning you are to battle in the forest with the other knights!" he commanded them.

Sir Raymond and Sir Richard looked at Sir Renan, but his countenance told them nothing.

"Father, had you not better speak to Sir Toulan?" asked Gilbert anxiously.

Sir Renan pulled the gilded cord above him, and a hall attendant came at once to his bedside. "Ask Toulan to come to me," he said.

"I am hurt, though not seriously," explained Sir Renan after Toulan came in. "For some reason Gilbert wants to get rid of all of us tomorrow."

There were questioning glances round the little group as Sir Raymond and Sir Richard clasped Gilbert's hands in their own.

"So, Toulan," continued Sir Renan, "get your helmet shined up; Gilbert wants your station tomorrow!"

"Excellent!" exclaimed Toulan. "I do not know of anyone I would rather leave it with."

With the first gleams of the morning sun Gilbert was carried to the tower. How happy he was to see the brightly polished shields and helmets! "That makes me feel like living!" he exclaimed as he watched them going through the glade pass. Sir Renan in spite of his wounded shoulder led the knights.

For weeks Gilbert watched from the tower while the knights fought the plunderers. At last they were all captured or killed, and the Teriolis valley again lived in peace. The knights helped the people of the valley to build new homes, and life was full of enjoyment.

At the castle the Knights' Hall was suddenly changed from a place of frolic into a secret sanctum. Neither Gilbert nor Sir Renan was allowed near it; the revelry had to continue in the banquet hall.

Finally the night of the victors' feast arrived—a time when the bravest knight of the latest battle was to be honored. Now at Teriolis Castle there was a custom of selecting the bravest knight by popular vote. Sir Renan was glad to have it so, since his knights were all so generous and honorable in giving it to the best man.

The feast of the wild boar was over, and Sir Toulan bowed low before Sir

Renan. "We wish to adjourn to the Knights' Hall, sir," he said.

"What!" echoed Sir Renan. "Are we to be admitted to the Knights' Hall at last?" That was truly a surprise for him.

Gilbert was very happy as Sir Raymond and Sir Richard carried him up the lower stairway. He felt that his guards liked him better for allowing them to go to battle. They all seemed to understand one another better. Sir Toulan had the watchtower post again, but he seemed more attached to Gilbert for the change. At any rate there was an abundance of goodwill on the festive night.

At the end of the Knights' Hall there was a mass of something covered by rich peltry. Gilbert asked to have his chair placed at the rear end of the hall; he did not want to hinder their fun in any way. But Sir Raymond and Sir Richard, regardless of his protests, carried it near the mystic peltry.

The two knights removed the skins. Sir Raymond said, "To the bravest," and Sir Richard finished it with, "our Knight Gilbert!"

It was a shield of beaten gold with the word "Gilbert" across the top and a new carved chair, which they made his throne!

Gilbert protested as they seated him in his new chair, but his father only replied:

"I would not, if I could, change their decision, my son; it was through your unselfishness that we won the victory."

He struck the boy on both shoulders with his golden-hilted sword, saying, "My new knight, Sir Gilbert!"

To this day the folk of the Teriolis valley will show you the ruins of the old castle on the crag and tell of the hero who won the Golden Shield.

Cora Marden's Lesson

By Alan Pressley Wilson

"O MOTHER," cried Cora Marden, as she rushed into the house one evening on her return from the office, "Hilda Baker, the young girl that sews for Madame DeSartier, has given me this label. It's like the ones Madame sews into the coats and jackets for which she charges not less than twenty-five dollars, and I am going to sew it into the jacket I bought at the Beldman Company's sale last week for five dollars. Everyone will think I had it made by the French suitmaker, and it will be the same as saving twenty dollars. Isn't that fine?"

Mrs. Marden smiled at the excited way in which her only child began her speech, but the smile quickly gave place to a serious expression.

"Cora," she said, "I want to tell you something of your dear father. He passed away before you were old enough to appreciate him, and I never told you of the

work and worry that caused his death before he had reached the prime of life.

"Shortly after we were married your father inherited a large sum of money from his mother's will and immediately put it into a flourishing business, taking with him a young man whom he and I considered above reproach. Your father gave evidence of becoming a rich man in a few years.

"In the course of business one day, a check that he had given a firm for goods that he had bought came back from the bank with a note from the president. It seemed there were not sufficient funds with which to meet it, and the president asked whether your father wanted to deposit a sum large enough to protect it. If some one had struck your father, he could not have been more surprised, for his cash book showed a bank balance of over ten thousand dollars. Without delay

KENT was a beautiful black and white collie. Although he carried his head very proudly and did not associate much with other dogs, it was not so much on account of his beauty as of his professional dignity, for Kent was a newspaper dog in Baltimore and got up early every morning to help his master on his rounds delivering the papers to his customers. Kent would take one side of the street, and his master the other, and the dog never left a paper at the wrong house. He was as useful as a boy could have been.

Being a city dog, he was accustomed to all the usual city sights, but he had never seen a circus, and—well, this is what happened one day.

Kent was going home with his master after a visit to the newspaper office when on a certain corner in one of the most aristocratic sections of the city the pair met a circus parade just as the elephants were passing. Elephants, it is said, have a great fear of dogs, and as the biggest elephant came in sight, solemnly lumbering along with a beautiful pink and gold lady and gorgeous attendants in the howdah on his capacious back, Kent gave a loud bark of defiance, broke through the crowd and charged directly on the great animal the like of which he had never seen before in all his life. The elephant trumpeted with fright, and the cry was promptly taken up by the other elephants, which knew at once from the cry of their leader that something was wrong.

Instantly all was confusion. The terrified beast plunged wildly about the street; the fancy structure on his back rocked dangerously, and the pink and gold lady and her maidens hung on desperately and screamed with fright. The other elephants pranced clumsily in alarm; people ran and shouted; the circus men shouted and ordered Kent's master to call off his dog. But Kent was thoroughly enjoying himself and for once disregarded the voice of authority. In vain his master ordered and threatened. How the dog did enjoy himself! He jumped about the elephant's heels, barking and snapping at the huge legs and feet, one movement of which could have crushed him into little bits.

When his master finally managed to grab him and pull him away, the elephant, nearly crazy with terror, was trying to

Kent: A Good Dog

By Louise Malloy



back into a handsome residence on the corner; his hind legs were wedged in the wide, imposing doorway, and the pink and gold lady was madly plunging about on his heaving back. Still trembling, the elephant was restored to comparative composure and, after being pried with much difficulty from the steps on which he had taken refuge, was led into the street. Then the interrupted parade passed on. Kent was meek enough when his master dragged him off with a firm grip on his collar, but he did not get a whipping, for he had enjoyed himself so much and the sight of the dog chasing the big elephant before him was so funny that his master had not the heart to punish him.

Some of Kent's other deeds, while quite as brave, were more understandable. One of his feats of which his master was very proud was nothing less than catching a burglar. One morning early, as his master was passing an empty house, he was startled by cries of, "Stop him! Help! Stop, thief!" The next moment a man darted out into the street from the house, followed by the watchman left in charge of the building. As the burglar saw the new foe in his path—for Kent's master ran directly to the watchman's aid—he lifted an iron bar threateningly and cried, "If you stop me, I'll kill you!"

That was enough for Kent, who with a

younger companion, Mac, was by his master's side. He saw his master in danger, and with one leap fastened his teeth in the burglar's side. With a yell the man turned to free himself, and Kent's master seized the chance to rush on the thief, knock him down and throw the bar from his hand. The watchman and the burglar clinched in a desperate struggle, rolling over and over, but Kent and Mac decided it. They closed in on the thief, and he rolled over on his back. The sight of Kent's bright, eager eyes and the gleaming fangs almost at his throat was too much. The burglar turned his head away, and there was Mac, showing his teeth on the other side. The boy advised him not to make any attempt to get up; if he did, Kent and Mac would have him by the throat!

"Run for a policeman," cried Kent's master to the watchman. "I'll keep him here with the dogs till you come back."

The watchman hurried off and presently returned with a policeman. Never was a criminal so glad to be arrested; he fairly fell into the officer's arms in his eagerness to get away from the growling dogs.

Kent added to his other accomplishments that of being a nurse. When Mac was a small puppy he was put snugly into a basket, and Kent, taking it in his mouth, would sedately carry the baby out for an airing. This duty he was very fond of, but he detested the care of the puppy in the house and when left in charge, with orders to look after the puppy, would pretend to obey cheerfully and then, as soon as he was left alone, sneak off somewhere. It was never a task to carry the puppy in the street, for he was very vain of the attention and admiration that he never failed to excite. His ears would go up at the cry, "Oh, look at the big dog carrying the little puppy!" but he would pretend not to notice the crowd of children following him. Yes, Kent liked being a hero and was never too tired to show off.

Probably he was sorry when Mac outgrew the basket and became as large as he himself. But Mac never did outgrow his love and admiration for his former nurse; he followed Kent everywhere, and the handsome pair always attracted attention, particularly when they were with their master, carrying his papers and intelligently obeying his commands.

he went to the bank and asked the president for an explanation. He was told that the check he had given his clerk a short time before had taken nearly every cent of his deposits. Going into the vault and bringing out the cancelled checks, the president went through them and handed out your father's check for ten thousand dollars, made payable to and cashed by the young man he had taken into his employ."

"O mother! How dreadful! What did father do?"

"He sold out his business, paid all his debts, and with the small sum of money

left he retired to this little cottage away from the scenes of his trouble. He was heart-broken, not so much over his own loss, hard as that was to bear, but over the young man's loss of character. Soon after he was seized with a sudden illness, and his lowered vitality caused his death."

"But, mother, did he never take any steps to prosecute the young man?"

"No, dear, out of respect and love for me, your father refused to prosecute the young man, for he was my younger brother. Unknown to either of us your uncle had been speculating for a year or

more, and being compelled to make good his losses, he forged your father's name to a check. He disappeared the very day your father had the conversation with the bank president, and I have never heard from him since. Had it not been for this loss, we would now be living in comfort and it would not be necessary for you to work in an office and wear clothes bought at a sale; you could be wearing one of Madame DeSartier's own make of jackets and not be tempted to an act that is very like that young man's forgery."

(Continued on page 190)

THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR
25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

One Hundred Years

BY THE EDITOR

A HUNDRED years seems a very long time to most of our readers. The Latin word "*centuria*" gave us our word "*century*," meaning a hundred years, and the Bible word "*centurion*," captain of a hundred men. The one hundredth anniversary of an event is called its centenary, from another Latin word "*centenarius*," relating to a hundred.

The week after this issue of *The Beacon* reaches all our schools, May 10, there will begin in Boston the meetings which observe the one hundredth anniversary of the founding of the American Unitarian Association. They will continue all through the week. Unitarian visitors from England and Ireland, Hungary and Czecho-Slovakia will be present and speak to large audiences. Unitarians from every one of these United States and from Canada will also attend and take part in the meetings. This Centenary is one of the most important events for our fellowship that has happened for many years.

By a singular good fortune, the centenary of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association comes this year also and will be observed in London in June. Many American Unitarians will go to that celebration, and the delegates and visitors to this country from abroad will return in time for it. The year 1925 is a very wonderful time for all our churches and church schools.

Some of the noted visitors have visited churches in all parts of this country, so *Beacon* readers may have seen and heard them. Whether you have or not, you will surely join in heart and mind this week with all who are enjoying this Centenary

in Boston, and be glad that you are a member of this good company and loyal to the faith it represents.

Unitarian churches in this country have a much longer history than this one century. The Association which now celebrates its one hundredth birthday was organized by these churches to spread liberal religion, with its message of hope and cheer and good-will. Our churches still do part of their work of extending our faith through the American Unitarian Association.

How many of our boys and girls know now what the letters A. U. A. mean? What is the Boston address of this Association? Who is its president? What part of it publishes this paper? What part attends to your Sunday-school supplies and to making *The Beacon* ready for you by choosing its stories and verse, pictures and puzzles? If you do not know, ask Father or Mother, superintendent or teacher. Then tell us in your Beacon Club letters if you are sharing in this Centenary with joyful hearts.

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A Young Stockholder

R. Peyton Dexton, Jr., 11 years old, of Galva, Ill., says a dispatch to the *New York Times*, today listened gravely to the yearly report of the directors of Armour & Co. He is the youngest stockholder.

Out on My Lawn

By Mabel F. Blakeslee

Ha ha! said I
To a few green spikes
Of queer leaves showing
Midst the bright green grass—
I didn't plant you here, my dear,
What are you doing—doing?
The little chap laughed beneath my jeer,
And said, "I'm growing! Growing!"

Ha ha! said I,
You're a wastrel thing—
Said I, For all your knowing,
You drink my soil and take my space
But you haven't a flower my lawn to grace;
Why are you growing—growing?
The little chap laughed amidst the grass,
And said, "I'm storing! Storing!"

Ha ha! said I
To a shrunken thing
With death alongside creeping—
How do you like the frost, friend Bo?
How do you like things anyhow—
Whene'er the wind comes sweeping?
The little chap laughed amongst dead
leaves,
And said, "I'm sleeping—sleeping!"

Ha ha! said I,
When the sun came back
From the south and slew my glooming—
Who lit that torch out in my yard
Where that hobo plant grew in my sward—
Who's presuming now—presuming?
Then the glow of color laughed and said,
"O goose! I'm blooming! Blooming!"

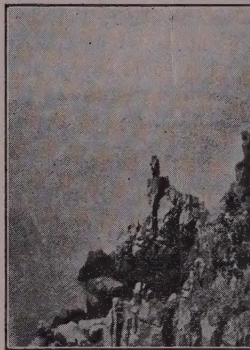
The Southern Cross

By Louis Felix Ranlett

YOU would hardly expect to find an old maid, even an old maid of solid rock, perched on the top of a thirty-foot pyramid at the foot of the two hundred and fifty foot cliffs that guard the southern and most exposed end of Grand

Manan, the sentinel island of the Bay of Fundy. Yet there stands the Old Maid, known also as the Southern Cross.

The two names are applied interchangeably to one of the most interesting natural



monuments of the Eastern coast. When the figure is seen from a point halfway down the face of the rugged and crumbling, brown basaltic cliff about fifty yards to the left and rear, its likeness to a woman is unmistakable. There she stands on a flat platform, her shawl wrapped tightly across her shoulders and gathered over her folded arms, gazing stolidly out across the tide-troubled ocean towards the light on the Gannet Rock, seven miles to the southeast. Seen from the ocean, the Old Maid loses her identity and becomes a beautiful, though not wholly symmetrical, cross crowning a tapering pedestal. When you land among the great boulders at the foot of the cliff behind the monument and look across the deep, seaweed-filled, wave-swept chasm that separates it from the shore, the platform on which the woman stood reappears, but not so the woman.

What event in geologic history does the monument commemorate? There is no inscription that the layman can read. It immortalizes

no event in human history; no shipwreck has occurred in the vicinity. It cannot be spoken of as a monument to the twenty-one seamen of the ship "Lord Ashburton," wrecked in the winter of 1851 on the northern head of the island seventeen miles away. For at the foot of Ashburton Head, as the scene of the wreck is now called, is a great natural cenotaph, a slanting bier some forty-five feet long, and not far away is another monument, named for a resemblance to a robed churchman—the Bishop.



THE BOOKSHELF

Lucy was not a bit frightened when she realized that she was alone in a strange country. She merely rubbed her eyes and looked about her; and one of the things she saw was a little house on wheels and the word "Cricket" above the tiny door. That was the home of the "Cricket of Carador," which is the title of an attractively illustrated book by Joseph Alger and Ogden Nash.

"Please, Cricket," said Lucy, "can you tell me where I am and how I got here?"

The Cricket chuckled. "You are in the Kingdom of Carador, and you got here by walking over the Edge."

That was the beginning of adventure for Lucy—adventure with strange people, strange objects and strange customs. She meets the King and the Queen, witnesses the Battle of Creampuffs, attends a sumptuous banquet where the Queen causes rather a sensation by appearing disguised as a clock, crosses the Dough Marsh to the City of Wicked Bakers and, in short, does any number of things that little boys and girls like to read about.

The "Cricket of Carador" is patterned after "Alice in Wonderland." Like "Alice," it has a good deal of attractive nonsense verse, much of which is bright and sparkling. For example—"Listen to this," Lucy said to the Cricket, who, being the Chief Poet, prided himself on his own verses:

"What does the sardine sing about,

Tucked in his cozy tin?

Do you suppose his neck is stout,

Or that his arms are thin?

I saw a cow the other day

That loved to do the waltz;

It seemed to one a trifle gay—

But all of us have faults.

The ostrich, on the other hand,

Is a lazy, greedy sinner.

As soon as luncheon's through, I've heard,

He starts to eat his dinner!"

"What do you think of my poetry, Mr. Cricket?" Lucy asked.

"It's utter nonsense!" he screamed. And indeed Lucy thought so too. THE CRICKET OF CARADOR. Joseph Alger and Ogden Nash. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, N. Y. \$1.75 net.

The Bank of "Little Boy Blue"

"Little Boy Blue," says a writer at the excavation camp at Utica, Greece, once lived at Utica. We have not found his toy soldiers, but our excavations have added another as poignant chapter to his life. We have found his bank—a small crockery savings bank, such as children still use—deeply buried in a public cemetery of

twenty-five centuries ago, perhaps where "Little Boy Blue" lost it one day.

Time has spared intact his childish treasure box. Indeed it was necessary to shake the little toy a long time before the six bronze coins, which jingled merrily within it, tumbled out of their prison through a slot. Tarnished as they now are, they still reflect the dim precursors of "Poor Richard" and the modern business man, the Punic merchants who early taught children the value of thrift.

This bank is only one of the many links connecting the life that once throbbed in Utica with today that are being discovered daily. Another is a broken flute with the mouth and fingerholes stopped with dust. Here, where Phoenician youths once danced to its strains, Arab shepherds now pipe dolefully to flocks grazing among wild fennel.

A Big-Hearted King

One day a crippled Italian soldier, Giovanni Piroli, approached the guard of King Victor Emmanuel's palace and said: "I want to speak to the King, for whom I fought and bled."

When informed of the man at the gates the King sent for him, but in the presence

of his monarch Piroli was too nervous to stand. So the King asked the veteran to sit beside him while his story of misfortune was told.

"What can I do for you?" asked the King when it was completed.

At length Piroli, who had been evicted from his house, said that his life dream was a cottage of his own. But it would cost ten thousand lire, he added.

King Victor Emmanuel immediately ordered twenty thousand lire given to the veteran, and as Piroli departed the monarch took five hundred lire from his pocket, saying, "Buy food with this."

Can You Punctuate It?

Punctuate this, says the *Hoosier Motorist*, and it will not sound so crazy:

A funny little man told this to me

I fell in a snowdrift in June said he

I went to a ball game out in the sea

I saw a jellyfish float up in a tree

I found some gum in a cup of tea

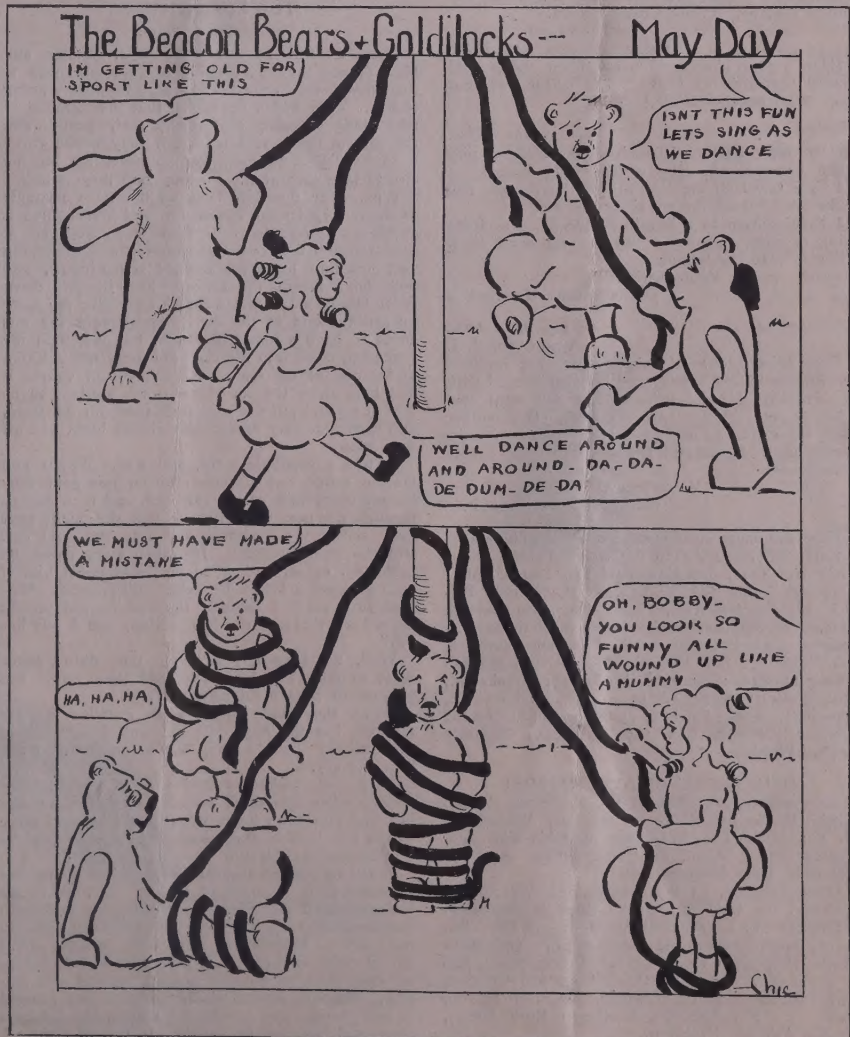
I stirred my milk with a big brass key

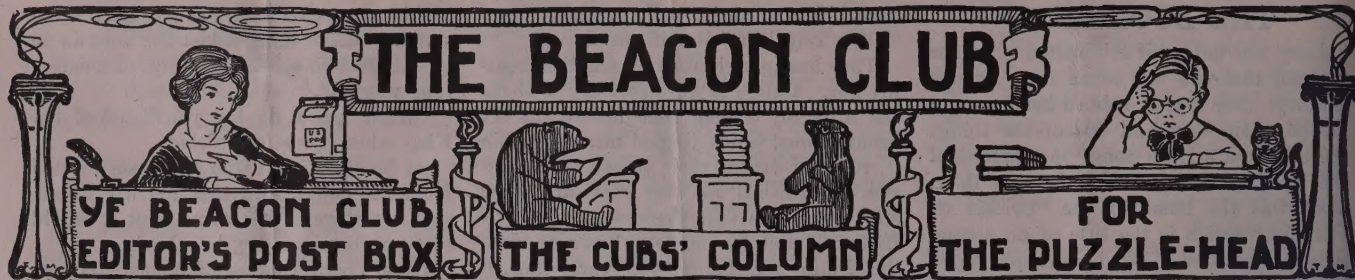
I opened my door on my bended knee

I beg your pardon for this said he

But 'tis true when told as it ought to be

'Tis a puzzle in punctuation you see.





Dear Letter Writers:

Here you have a fine chance to select some one to whom you wish to write. Our first letter was too long to print in full. It gave a good account of the Club work in the school.

415 WILLIAM STREET,
PITTSFIELD, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck:

How much I enjoy *The Beacon* since its style has been changed. I am very much interested in the stories and poems written by the boys and girls.

Our church in Pittsfield is building a new Parish House. The work is progressing well, and we expect to use it by May or June. I am 12 years old and in the 8th grade at school. We call the 7th to the 9th grade Junior High, and we have different teachers for almost every subject.

I would like to correspond with some other member of the Club.

With best wishes,
MARION C. PHINNEY.

Dear Beacon Club:—I am a crippled boy. I would like to correspond with some one. I like any kind of reading. Please write me soon.

JAMES EDWARD TYSON,
Box 221, ANSONVILLE, N. C.

[Here's your chance, Club members. Let's send picture postcards or books. The editor has sent one. Who next?—Editor.]

BARNSTABLE, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck:—I received the Beacon pin. I like it very much. It is a very pretty one.

I have saved all the *Beacons* and have made two books out of them for my sister and me.

I have written to a boy in Keene, N. H. I am going to write to another boy my age some time. I like to read the letters.

Yours with love,
JAMES ROBERT HOPKINS.

529 PARK AVE.,
VINELAND, N. J.

Dear Miss Buck:—My sister Grace has received her Beacon button safely, and is quite pleased with it. She says I must write to you if I want one. I like to get *The Beacon* every week. Our mother reads the stories to us and father helps us with the puzzle page. Grace and I would like some one to write to us.

Yours truly,
CHARLES LOUIS CHURCH.

Here are more new members wanting letters:—

Kate Miller (11), 2116 Parkwood, Toledo, Ohio; Betty Dill (10), 628 Hammond St., Bangor, Me.; Frederick Tolles (9), Nashua, N. H.; Donald Pollock, 813 Bartlett Ave., Philip Place, 814 Bartlett Ave., both Madison, Wis.; Marjorie Rathbone, 47 Osborne St., Providence, R. I.; Anne Saranen, 309 Ninth St., So., Virginia, Minn. And the following in Mass.: Barbara Crosby, 151 Brooks St., East Boston; Nancy Renton, 14 Lawrence St., Haverhill; George Fairbun, 15 Clitheroe St., Lowell; Eleanor Phoenix, Box 135, Uxbridge; Marjorie Cutler, Waltham.

OTHER NEW CLUB MEMBERS:

Jane Decker, 2136 Seminole Ave., Detroit, Mich.; Kittie B. Lyons, Route 1, Box 91, Wadesboro, N. C.; Mary Lee Bill, care of Ohio-Mich.-Ind. Photographers' Assn., Cleveland, Ohio. And the following from Massachusetts:

Olive Fletcher, 33 Washington St., Ayer; Pearl Fletcher, 10 Oak St., Ayer; Ruth Montgomery, 8 Fletcher St., Ayer; Geraldine Moore, 48 Pearl St., Ayer; Janet Sherwin, 12 Pleasant St., Ayer; Ruth Wells, Petersham Road, Barre; Harriet Shaw, 626 Crescent St., Brockton; Otis Shaw, 626 Crescent St., Brockton; Edith Newman, Melrose; Marion Keene, 77 No. Ash St., Brockton; Ruth Keene, 77 No. Ash St., Brockton.

Dear Cubs:—Spring surely is the favorite season of the year with poets. There seems to be something in the spring air that makes you want to run and jump and sing—and write poetry. This week Edith Congdon's verse, "Spring," wins the *The Beacon* Club badge. "The Lost Kitten," by Edith B. Page, wins the story award. This seems to be a lucky week for the Ediths!

Spring

BY EDITH CONGDON (Age 11)

Soft clouds sailed across the sky,
Blue birds warbled far and near;
While the robin piped serenely high
The lark sang free and clear.

Pussy willows swaying
In the fragrant breeze,
While the flowers are saying,
"Has spring come, tell me, please?"

Yes, spring has come, dear flowers.
Don't you hear the bluebirds sing?
Come, oh, come from your hidden bowers
And make beautiful the happy spring!

The Lost Kitten

BY EDITH B. PAGE

Once there were two little boys, Walter and Harold, and they were going a long, long way to their new home in the West, where they were going to live. They had a pet kitten that they wanted to take along so badly that finally their mother and father said they could take it if they would carry it in its basket all the way and never ask anyone else to take care of it. So they said they would.

Well, when they had been on the train a couple of days, they let the kitten out, and Harold had it on his lap sound asleep. But just when they were at a station and the train was standing still something very exciting happened outside the window, and both boys forgot the kitten. She jumped down from Harold's lap and went along under the seats toward the end of the car. She thought she was going to have a nice little walk, but just then the brakeman came into the car, and there was a kitten under one of the seats. He thought of course it had hopped on the car there at the station, so he took it up and put the poor little thing off the train, and then that very minute the whistle blew, and off they went.

It was a vestibule train, and when Walter and Harold found out that their kitten was gone they hunted every inch of the car over, and then hunted through the next car, thinking that she might have gone across the vestibule and into the next car. But she was not there. Just then along came the brakeman again, and when the boys asked him if he had seen a kitten he said, "Why, sure. Was that your cat? I thought she had hopped on the train back there at the last station, and I put her off."

Well, the boys felt so badly they didn't know what to do. The brakeman said they would not stop at any station for sixty miles.

When they had gone the sixty miles the car stopped, but the boys just sat and thought about their kitten. Harold said, "Seems as though I can hear her cry."

Then they looked around very slowly the way you do when you think something is going to happen and you don't know what it will be, and there in the seat back of them was the brakeman; and he was holding their kitty.

When he opened the car door he had found her squeezed up in a corner of the top stair, where she had ridden all that long way. When the brakeman had tossed her off she knew that the boys were on the train, so she climbed right back, but she didn't get on quick enough to get into the vestibule before the door shut, so she had to hang on and ride outside. She was scared nearly to death and jumped at every sound and trembled for days, but the boys comforted her, and by and by she felt all right.

**Puzzle Over These
NAMES OF MAGAZINES**

1. What a jack-knife is to a boy.
2. What a husband is to a wife.
3. A necessity to every work-basket and a small boat.
4. A new Quakeress.
5. What every man expects of his wife.
6. What we all were at one time.
7. Belonging to all.
8. Musical performers.
9. A hundred years.
10. Used in hockey.
11. Existence.
12. One who dispenses law.

—From *The Target*.

TWISTED PRESIDENTS

1. Dahrgni.
2. Ftat.
3. Lrosovete.
4. Idefagrl.
5. Clnolni.
6. Hsawgttnipo.
7. Madsa.
8. Niwlos.

EDWARD CAHILL

TWISTED PETS

1. rpatro.
2. ynuhn.
3. pypup.
4. tkyit.
5. mbala.
6. tnamba.
7. kcinhecs.
9. dgso.
9. npoy.
10. ycnraa

BERTRAM G. KEITHE, JR.

Answers to Puzzles in No. 30

FLOWER CHARADE—Cow-slip.

- LETTER CHIPS—1. S-pear. 2. S-low. 3. S-lump.
4. S-hake. 5. S-loop. 6. S-loth.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC—Dr (E) am
Co (A) st
Pa (S) te
Mo (T) or
Sp (E) ar
Ha (R) sh

Cora Marden's Lesson

(Continued from page 187)

"Why, mother," exclaimed Cora, "I had not thought of it in that way before!"

"Not only that, dear, but when Hilda gave you that label she took what did not belong to her, and your acceptance was an encouragement for her to steal again. It was a very small thing she took this time, but if she thought you approved and were willing to take advantage for yourself from the label to which she had no right, might she not find it easier next time to take a bigger thing?"

"I see, mother," said Cora slowly.

"Learn to look straight at the little things, Cora, and cultivate a fine sense of the right even when the wrong seems so trifling that at first you might think it does not matter."

"Will you wait supper till I come back, mother?" said Cora, in her impetuous way. "I want to take this label back to Hilda."